

particularly hard-trotting horse, doctor; recommended to me on purpose." "What else?" "Lessons in boxing after dinner."

fencing before tea." "That is tolerably well; how has it affected you?" "I have caught cold, I have got the tooth-ache, rheumatism."

inter; that is right; go on. Do you practice?" "Yes."

must attend a gymnasium in the evening." "Doctor, my business."

after for business; that is the way you city yourselves. What is business to health? Will business do you when you are in bed?"

must pay for my bread; support my wife and children; educate my children; I must, if I die."

that is the way," replied the doctor; "you will die; you refuse to follow our prescriptions, sacrifice your health to business, and then wonder why we do not cure you. I tell you, however, they are the things."

said a clerk, entering at the moment with notice, "this note for seven hundred and fifty is due at the Chemical, and Mr. Jenkins must not renew the other."

past two."

common clattering in the street now and then a stranger. It was the ostler with the ring horse; a tall, bony, Roman-nosed animal, legs unmercifully long. What our friend thought he mounted his Rosinante, or went down the street about his note, we are not at liberty to say. But the doctor took his leave, getting a gig that moved on easy springs, with a man inside, and went home to dinner; while the patient, musing on the value of a life which is preserved from dyspepsia except by being sent to a jail and starvation.

la melis dulcedinem quantum potes, qui non it, non intelliget."—Augustine.

use the sweetness of honey as much as you who has never tasted it cannot understand.

you happy?" said I to my niece.

uncle, I am only gay."

you have friends—kind friends—choice and a taste for reading them. Time cannot pass on your hands."

now it would seem that I ought to be happy, but I am not. I seem to be afflicted by the troubles of friends; but something prevents me from enjoying my full satisfaction in their joys."

your company is sought and highly appreciated, and when I saw last evening glittering jewels, and surrounded by admirers, you seem very happy."

I did seem happy, but I was not, and there line of poetry, I think it is Pope's, running through my mind the whole evening—it was this:

And diamonds glitter on an anxious breast."

now, Julia, I am amazed. Your friends all think you are one of the happiest creatures that ever drew the air. What can damp your joys? Have some great trouble which you keep concealed from your friends?"

Oh, I have no trouble. It is barely this: I have to be damped. The objects which I seek do not satisfy me. The conversation in which I engage; and even that which is most grave and tant seems rapid and useless when I look back on it. Then, the gay world, I do from my soul. I only become the more sick of it, the further I am from it."

What is the cause of this dissatisfaction with the world?"

"Why, uncle," said she, "I can tell you. I know not living for the end for which my Creator made me. Shame and remorse are the disturbers of peace."

as thunder-struck. What, that beautiful, gay, hearted creature, wretched, and that on account of sin!"

as absent three weeks, and when I returned was a devout Christian. I sought a renewal of conversation. She seemed so grave I thought could not be happy, and expressed my apprehension she might be deluded.

Why, uncle," said she, "do you not know that deepest waters run stillest? I am satisfied. What is that?—yes, satisfied. You cannot understand me but by doing as the Psalmist recommends: and see that the Lord is gracious."

thought God, and found it as she had said.—*New Hampshire Observer.*

# ZION'S HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. VII. No. 10.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1836.

Whole No. 336.

## ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.

David H. Ela, Printer.

TO THE N. H. CONFERENCE.—The following plan, brethren, is feasible. Every member of your Conference can meet the proposition. Be prompt—energetic—in short, and emphatically, *Methodist preachers*. That comprises all we can say.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, AND THE SUPERANNUATED PREACHERS.

HOW MUCH DO YOU FEEL?

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—We have just heard of the destruction, by fire, of our Book Concern at New York. The first thought that has struck us, with peculiar affliction, is the additional weight of sorrow and trouble this event must cause our Superannuated Preachers—worn out in the service of the Church. They have hitherto, in some small degree at least, been relieved by the funds of the book establishment. I have, for some years, been opposed to raising large funds, other than for immediate use, for any object. It looks to me, too much like trusting in an arm of flesh, instead of the grace of God; it seems to imply that we, ourselves, do not design to be benevolent in future as now, and that we have no idea that our children will have as much benevolence and grace as we have.

I believe that it is the duty of the Church to furnish all the funds necessary, from year to year, as the expenses may occur, to support all her institutions, and especially to see that her worn out preachers have their necessary wants supplied: nor can the Church neglect this duty, and be guiltless. Our worn out preachers have looked to the "dividend" of the Book Concern, neagre as that dividend has been, for some relief for themselves and dependent families. That relief is now, probably, wholly cut off. I have heard from the lips of several, to-day, the inquiry, "What will poor brother —, who is a superannuated preacher, do now? How I feel for him."—I will tell you what he shall do now; and I wish to know how much the ministers and members of our church, in the bounds of the N. H. Conference, at least, feel for "those in bonds as bound with them; and them that suffer adversity, as being themselves also in the body?"—or if the phrase suit any better, those who are worn out in the service and cause of God, in the work of the ministry.

The Book Concern last year, I believe, gave a dividend to the Annual Conferences of \$400, and never has it exceeded \$800. This dividend is now lost by fire,—to prove the Church, no doubt. I propose to the ministers and members of the church, within the bounds of the N. H. Conference, to raise, to be brought or sent to our next annual conference, in August, one thousand dollars, in addition to the usual "fifth collection," to be applied to the relief of the superannuated preachers, who are in needy circumstances, and other cases of real distress, according to the direction of the Conference. I propose to divide this thousand dollars, in order to raise it, into two hundred shares of five dollars each. I feel enough for the superannuated preachers, to take five shares in this stock. Now, brother or sister, how much do you feel? That thou doest do quickly, before your property take to itself "wings and fly away." I wish those who are willing to take up these shares would immediately give their names and the number of shares they will take, and let it be published in the Herald, till it can be said, "It is done." Let the Secretary of the N. H. Conference record the names, as they appear in the Herald, and the number of shares pledged; and let the persons pledging it, be careful to see that the amount is sent to Conference, and then let the Secretary check it, paid. Who feels?

Yours in the gospel of liberty, and good will to man, GEO. STORRS.

Dover, Feb. 23, 1836.

P. S. Will the Editor of Zion's Watchman copy the above proposition?

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A FRAGMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—If you deem the following worthy of preservation, you may give it a place in the Herald. It was related to me by a sister who was a native of Lynn. The circumstance took place when she was young. If it shall serve in any measure to impress on the minds of your readers how much the M. E. Church is indebted for her prosperity to the prayers of the Fathers, and shall excite their sons in the gospel to imitate their spirit and walk in their steps, the object of the writer will have been gained.

During the sitting of one of the first Methodist Conferences, held in Lynn, Bishop Asbury put up at the house where the narrator resided. The room occupied by the Bishop, projected out in front of the house, and a window in the body of the house afforded a view of what was passing in the Bishop's chamber.

Such was the cabinet, where, with his God for his counsellor, the holy man retired to plan the work for his little devoted, veteran band.

New England was their field of labor. Their number was small, and difficulties were to be met, at almost every step. Much of their success depended on the arrangements which were then to be made, for their future operation.

With much prayer, and counsel with his brethren, Bishop Asbury had drafted a plan of the appointment of his little band of preachers. The hour of separation drew near, when the appointments must be decided. The Bishop retired to his chamber to finish this important work. A sense of his responsibility, a view of the greatness and importance of the work in which he and his fellow-laborers were engaged, pressed him down. Again he approached a throne of grace. Attracted by his uncommon earnestness, the narrator, and another individual who was with her, were induced to look from the window

of their chamber into the Bishop's apartment, to see what could be the matter with him.

Here they witnessed a scene, on which no doubt, angels gazed with interest and delight. A man in audience with and asking counsel of his God. He sought not for wealth or honor;—but he sought for wisdom to govern and feed the flock of God. His feelings were intense. His whole soul was in the work. With his papers spread out before him on a table, he entered on the business of deciding the appointments of the preachers. He commenced by falling on his knees and earnestly imploring the blessing of God on his labor. He arose and wrote a few words, thought deeply, and again he knelt, and wrestled, and prayed;—alternately kneeling in prayer and rising to write, until his work was finished. So deeply was he engaged, his whole soul seemed in an agony. He could not be denied the blessing of God on his labors. He wrestled and prevailed.

The witnesses of this scene knew not what to think or make of it. They had seen all the Methodist Preachers who had been in Lynn. They had heard their prayers, and been witness to the fervor of their devotions. But such a scene as this, they had never witnessed;—such exercises, such fervor, such agony, they had never before seen. Surely, thought they,—"the Bishop must be beside himself."

He ceased. The hour of parting came. The appointments were announced, and those men of God went forth to their labor. With such prayers for their success, and such a man for their example, they could not labor in vain. Nor did they; but like the ancient disciples, "they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

We thank our friend "L." for his reminiscences of the Fathers of "olden times." We hope others will follow his example.—E.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ANOTHER.

MR. EDITOR.—As your last theological question received so clear and satisfactory an explanation, permit me through the medium of your paper, to request the attention of some equally able theologian, to an apparent discrepancy in the sacred Scriptures respecting the number of Jesse's children. See I Samuel xvii. 12, 14;—xvi. 10, 11;—and I Chronicles ii. 13, 14, 15.

Charlestown, Feb. 26, 1836.

We hope some friend of truth will give the explanation requested. There is no actual discrepancy, we honestly believe, in the Scriptures. But they sometimes appear inconsistent because we are frequently afraid to meet imaginary contradictions.

The Hingham Gazette copied our last difficulty, and a correspondent who furnished that paper a solution, accompanied his article with the following just remark:—

"Well would it be for the community if our public journals frequently called attention to subjects that cause great perplexity and error, because they are misunderstood. With all our light, we need much more light. Great attention is necessary to prevent perversion of the most important truths and principles."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A NEW WORD.

On the 23d of February—the great simultaneous day—I had the pleasure of listening to an able, interesting and eloquent address on temperance, delivered by a clergyman from a neighboring town. In the course of his address, he used the expression, "alcoholic liquors." I was unable to determine, at the time, whether it was a mere slip of the tongue, or whether it was designed. I ascertained, however, from a conversation with the gentleman subsequently, that it was designed. I asked him if he would make the corresponding improvement in the noun, to which he replied, that he would. With the term alcohol, we have formed the habit of associating the idea of utility. But as the discovery has been clearly made, and the fact demonstrated, that the article to which the term is applied, is not only useless but exceedingly injurious, there seems at once a very obvious propriety, in so changing the word, as to make it expressive of the real nature, effects and tendency of the substance to which it is applied. I would, therefore, by permission of the gentleman alluded to, propose a further change in the word. I would propose that the noun be spelled *Al-go-hell*.

P. CRANDALL.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NOTICE OF "H. D."

MR. EDITOR.—I must turn aside from my regular course this week, to pay my "compliments" to your "Southern Correspondent." Under that head, I find some things in your paper of the 17th ult., which I think deserve a passing notice. Your correspondent says, that "he who has not been an eye witness of Slavery as it exists in real life, knows but little of the true condition of the slaves." Such are not the witnesses which follow. Will "H. D." admit their testimony? There are men in the South who do know, and who will testify.

A Methodist preacher in one of the Southern States, in answer to some inquiries proposed to him by a member of the N. E. Conference, writes:

"I have lived upwards of twenty years within the bounds of Slavery. My mother being a Quaker, and my father equally opposed to Slavery, their house was frequently visited on nights and Sabbath days, by the suffering slaves, who generally received temporary relief in the way of food or clothing, as the case might require. You will infer the character of the principles imbibed by me. I have not changed in my sentiments on this subject, but have tried to follow in my parents' footsteps. I now proceed. You wish to know the general condition of the slaves, with the conduct of their masters, as drawn from observation. Oppression is a general feature of Slavery, but you must know that I have not had the opportunity of witnessing it in all its degrees of cruelty, as practised by the different slaveholding States. My observations must therefore be limited to Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky. Of the latter I can speak but partially. Of their condition in the South I can say nothing from observation; but from good authority, I would add,

without referring to particulars, their chains are much heavier, and their bondage greatly aggravated, in comparison with those in Maryland and Virginia.

"You inquire, 'Are the accounts of the cruelties practiced on the slaves, as found in the pieces of brother O. Scott, general or frequent?'—Comparatively speaking, I think they seldom occur. In so violent a controversy, and from so inflammatory a pen as that wielded by brother Scott, you might readily suppose that the strongest cases are served up to the public. I have, however, known some heart-rending occurrences in the separation of families, and cruel scourgings for trifling offences, in several instances resulting in death, either sudden or protracted. I view Slavery at once as our national sin, and our national curse. As our sin, the heavens are daily pierced with the cry of oppression unto death; and it will, if not broken off, bring retributive justice upon us from the just Governor of the universe. The experience of past nations shows us that vengeance may linger, but in the end it is certain!"

The above writer is a Colonizationist, and he denounces the Abolitionists in no mild terms, I can assure you. This eye witness does not pretend to question the facts brought to view in my communications—not even that of the chopping up of the negro alive, with the broad-axe! though he thinks these instances are "comparatively" of "seldom occurrence." And yet he affirms that he has known "some heart-rending instances" of scourgings for "trifling offences," which resulted in "DEATH!"

Another Methodist preacher in one of the Southern Conferences, writes to a friend in New England as follows, under date of March 10, 1835:

"As to the horrors of Slavery, they are many every way. First the slave-trade is the most horrible of all. Indeed, this comprises the whole in miniature. The slave-dealer goes to Virginia or to Maryland, where negroes are plenty and not very profitable, and where they are cheap, and transports them to the South and West, and sells them for an advance of 50 per cent. Here wives and husbands, parents and children, brothers and sisters, are separated!—a business no better than the African slave-trade. If any of them are refractory and at all dangerous to the speculator, he is put in irons, and besides humbled by a severe scourging—perhaps with a THOUSAND LASHES!!"

Same letter contains a description of the manner of breeding human cattle for the markets, by a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and by an amalgamation of the whites and blacks too horrible to spread out before the public.

The same writer says, in a letter to another friend in New England:

"It is here as in New England, that most people are not under the influence of truth. These regard those things which ought to be sacred with the negro, as well as with other people, of no more account than marriage, copulation and breeding among cattle! You may depend that, as a general thing, the horrid tales related by the Abolitionists with you, are no caricatures! they are too true to life!"

And yet again from the same, under date of Nov. 25, 1835:

"On the subject of Slavery you have my opinions, and with regard to abolition too. I fully believe in the doctrine you have espoused, and believe with you that it will ultimately triumph. And farther, if I were in New England, I think it is likely that I should be quite persuaded that the time is near when our nation will be free."

"The principal reason why Methodists in these regions are more numerous and popular than other denominations, is, they stick so close to Slavery. They denounce both the Abolitionists and Colonizationists.—What then do they want? You can easily see."

Here we have another "eye witness," who lives in the hottest bed of Slavery. What say you to this, Mr. "H. D."?

The following fact I had from the Rev. J. W. Hardy: A Mr. Joseph Hough, a Baptist minister, formerly of Springfield, Mass., now of Plainfield, N. H., while travelling in the South, a few years ago, put up one night with a Methodist family, and spent the Sabbath with them. While there, one of the female slaves did something which displeased her mistress. She cut a chisel and mallet, and very deliberately cut off one of her toes!—But it was not of much consequence, inasmuch as she was a "nigger!"

A few days ago I met with a colored woman who had been about forty years a slave. She has been in the free States some ten years. About twenty-three years ago she was separated from her husband, though legally married by a Baptist minister. He was sold by his master to a Southern speculator, since which time she has not heard from him! She related in a few minutes more instances of cruel and inhuman treatment to slaves, that had passed under her own eye, than I have published in all my numbers. I will relate but one at this time. Her own son, on a certain Sabbath day, (and you must know slaveholders are very tenacious of the Sabbath!) with a blanket prepared a kind of temporary sail-boat, and went out upon the water—for which crime he was doomed to receive 400 lashes upon his naked body with a heavy cowhide well laid on! His mother, who was an "eye witness" of the horrid scene, stated that when the scourging was finished, her son could not speak—that it appeared to her *quarts of blood* had run down upon the ground—and that even then, the vengeance of his cruel tormentor (I liked to have said murderer) was not glutted—he regretted that there was no cat at hand, that he might "cathaul" his victim! Such, Mr. Editor, is the evidence of "eye witnesses"—and such is "Slavery as it exists in real life." (!) in some instances at least.

But the spirit and principles of Christianity, wherever they are diffused, do away in a great degree, the objectionable features of Slavery, which are represented as being so very shocking and repugnant to reason, humanity, and religion."

So says your correspondent. "The objectionable features!" And pray what "features" are not "objectionable?" But says "H. D."—"I hope you will not understand me as approving of Slavery." O no! we do not—we only understand him as apologizing for it a little; for he says again, "The system has its evils, and great evils, both upon the master and the

slave." But then don't say any thing about it—"don't pray about it publicly"—keep still—it is a very "exciting subject!" "The system has its evils!"—Indeed! and what is the "system" itself? What is the nature of the tree that bears this "evil" fruit? What is the system itself, but a system of the most complicated and high-handed villainies? "But the spirit and principles of Christianity do away in a great degree," &c.—And how long is it since attempts have been made, both in the North and South, to defend Slavery from the Bible?—and by those who profess to have some knowledge of the "spirit and principles of Christianity," too! Christianity will indeed exert an influence upon Slavery—but in order to bear directly, not merely upon some of the evils, but upon the system itself. Let the axe be laid "at the root of the tree," and let it be kept there till this corrupt system is destroyed, "root and branch."

Holliston, Feb. 25, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

FOLLY OF DEFERRING REPENTANCE TO A DEATH-BED.

My friend has been an industrious, hard-working man. But his mind has been entirely taken up in the worldly prosperity of his family. Religion has always been to him a distant affair. He acknowledged its importance, but the time was yet to come when he should feel its efficacy. Besides, he did not think as some others, that God was strict to mark every error:—his sphere of life—his cares and anxieties, growing out of his relation to the world, and to those of his own household, he thought would in some way justify his temporary neglect of God. For the sake of his children he dare not forsake the temple of worship: but he went as a disinterested spectator, a critical listener, or a proud self-deceiver. In the world, no man could accuse him of dishonesty, intemperance, or profanity;—in private, none of unkindness, coldness, or severity.

Such was my friend in health—but serious sickness came upon him. In a few days, from the bustle of the place of trade, he was removed to the solitude of the sick chamber: and the consciousness was beginning to assail the hearts of his friends, that a mortal disease had fixed its seat in his frame. What were now his feelings? Think you his soul turned her eye inward and surveyed her state calmly? Think you the contemplation of death became familiar, and that repentance and faith smoothed as it were, step by step, the passage to the tomb?—I would it had been so. But habits of thought are not easily changed; nor is he, who in health has listened to God's word without emotion, always led by sickness to appreciate its value.

The last time I saw my friend, he was declined entirely to serious conversation. Of the probability of his dissolution, he would allow no remark. He seemed to shun it with unnatural terror. The world and its pressing excitements seemed to afflict him as much as ever. He proffered the news should be read to him, rather than the Bible; and liked nothing so much as flattering hopes of returning vigor.

May we not learn a moral from this? Let us improve the moments of health, when reason and energy are ours, to reconcile ourselves to our Creator, and secure that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"A GOOD TIME TO LICK JONATHAN."

Report of the Proceedings of the Temperance Convention at the Odeon—Christian Examiner, &c.

I once knew a family, consisting of a father and mother, an only child, and three or four maiden aunts. The child was a smart intelligent boy, of a generous temper, but rather prone to make merry with the peculiarities and follies of his aunts, which were neither few nor small. These maidens were of no particular age, abominably sour, and very yellow. In the presence of his parents, these prudent spinsters were extremely forbearing, in their language and manner, towards this object of their secret aversion: but the moment the father and mother had turned their backs, "Now," cried one of these old maids to the others,—"now is a good time to lick Jonathan!"

When I first saw the false Report of the proceedings of the convention, at the Odeon, and ascertained its authorship, I was instantly reminded of this little anecdote, and perceived that a disappointed and irritable minority, determined, in the language of an old colony paper,—"to have their revenge," conceived it to be "a good time to lick Jonathan." But, it may be replied, this Report appears under the sanction of the Council of the Massachusetts State Temperance Society. Is it intended to say, that the Council wrote that Report? No. It was the work of one person, of course. But the Council approve and endorse that Report. This I distinctly deny. The elder and really responsible members of the Council dislike the Report. If this be denied by any one of the Council, I will prove that, since its publication, they have so declared. Now the object of this avowal is, to neutralize, so far as it may be rightfully done, that influence, which this faithless Report might otherwise produce.

In the last number of the Christian Examiner there is an article, remarkable for its vehemence, full of words, and void of sound argument. It appears over the signature of C. S. This writer, who seems to be afflicted with hydrophobia, and more than half ready to snap at the whole Convention, and especially at one or two of its members, avers that he was a member himself, and that he will never be caught "in such company again." When I laid down this article, in the Christian Examiner—here, thought I, is another, who thinks that it is "a good time to lick Jonathan."

This writer is altogether too furious for a minister of the gospel; he is probably some lay gentleman of the opposition, who is not altogether prepared to make the cold water experiment, even for ten days,

as it was made by Daniel and his companions. He had written about half of this gentle article, he says, when the "report of the proceedings" came into his hands, and his delight at the perusal of that windy production was equal to that of Archimedes, when he leapt out of bed, and cried Eureka, about the streets of Syracuse.

If this Mr. C. S. was disappointed, at the fact, that out of six hundred intelligent delegates, he was one of four only, who voted in a choice minority, he has still a lawful right to drink his wine by himself. The resolution of the Convention goes not to deprive him of his rights. But it really seems to me, that he has been very foolishly employed in pouring forth such an enormous profluvium of ill-humor and nonsense. The types of the Christian Examiner might surely have been more profitably employed. I trust the sound and sensible letter from Dr. Edwards to the friends of temperance will be read by this impatient disciple, when his spirits shall have become somewhat calmer, and that it may prove like welcome to his pleremy, unless he belong to the incurable ward.

I was rather amused by one remark in this thoroughly fermented article: after stating, that the "heated wheels" of the temperance machine were proceeding with great velocity, he proposes to the real friends of the cause to drag those wheels, and retard its progress, as a matter of prudence. I fear that every wine defending friend of temperance, who tends this species of assistance, will be in some danger of being thrown upon his back: of which C. S. seems to furnish a ready illustration, in his own performance.

I admit, for I was a member of the Convention myself, that the rules were too rigidly enforced. I was exceedingly grieved, that one clergyman in particular, who was desirous of speaking more frequently than those rules allowed, was prevented from pouring forth his whole soul before the assembly.—He had spoken twice most movingly in favor of wine and all things fermented; he spoke evidently from the heart; and had he been permitted to speak a third time, he might have moved the assembly to tears.

CLEAR COLD WATER.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A NEIGHBORLY CHAT.

W. Neighbor B, I have somewhat against thee.

B. I am glad I have a friend, Mr. W., who in friendship can tell me my faults. What then has been my offence towards you?

W. As to your conduct towards me I do not complain; but from what I learn, you are not a consistent temperance man.

B. In relation to that, Mr. W., you can find no man that goes more upon the tee-total, than I do. No person can justly accuse me of hypocrisy touching temperance, since I joined the Temperance Society. I have not bought, sold, drank, nor given to any person, any intoxicating drinks, for these five years past.

W. Mr. B., as to what you say, there is no doubt; yet I think you do not fully sustain the cause.

B. What more, sir, can I do? I have gratuitously circulated temperance papers, and for years viewed the cause of temperance as the handmaid of religion.

W. Have you ever thought to your practice, while you give your trade to Col. D.—, (who sells all the spirits he can,) was directly at war with your principles?

B. I give my trade to the colonel, to be sure, for he trades more reasonably than Squire S.—.

W. Yes, some few articles he sells cheaper than Squire S.—, because Col. D.— in part derives his income from the sale of his liquors. Mr. B., how much is your annual trade with the colonel?

B. From 125 to 175 dollars.

W. Say 150 dollars. Now allowing 25 per cent. to Col. D.— for your trade, you pay \$37.50 that virtually supports intemperance.—To convince you of this fact, let us suppose it costs Col. D.—, and Squire S.— an income of \$800 each, to meet their annual outsets for clerks, fuel, rent, hauling of goods, &c. To meet this expense, Col. D.— sells 24 barrels of New England rum at 45 cents per gallon. It cost him but 32 cents per gallon; his profit therefore would be \$59.84. He sells 3 barrels of gin at \$1.25 per gallon; it cost 75 cents per gallon. His profit would be \$18. The colonel sells 6 barrels of W. I. rum at \$1.68 per gallon; it cost 75 cents per gallon; his profit would be \$63.36. He sells 5 barrels of brandy at \$1.50 per gallon; it cost 90 cents per gallon; his profit would be \$56. His whole profit on his liquors, \$307.20.—Now the above sales enable Col. D.— to put his leading articles of merchandise at mere cost and freight; and so he is called more reasonable than Squire S.—, because, forsooth, some few articles are sold without profit as a mere bait, to keep and gain customers, while his shelf goods are sold at as high per centage as the Squire's.—Col. D.— would not continue his trade in spirits were it not for his customers who drink none. His honor would induce him to abandon the traffic; and as his profits arising from the sale of spirits would not meet his expenses, and his customers who use liquors being comparatively few and poor, he could not continue in trade. But to support him in this nefarious business—to keep his house as a rendezvous to make drunkards—your own abundance cast in \$37.50 annually. Mr. B., the temperance traders in the city and country have felt, and continue to feel the influence of your trade. It is against them, and so long as you, sir, or any other temperance man, support those who trade in spirits, you are effectually pulling down what you labor to build up.

B. I should be glad to have further conversation with you, but—(He starts to go.)

W. One word more, Mr. B.; I hope hereafter to see temperance folks.

West Plymouth, Feb., 1836.

He who requires friends without faults, will be without friends.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CONSIDENT.

West Plymouth, Feb., 1836.

He who requires friends without faults, will be without friends.

## A. L. HASK



## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1836.

## 4000 SUBSCRIBERS BY NEXT CONFERENCE!!

The list of subscribers to the Herald has since the first of January been gradually increasing. We have now probably between 3400 and 3500. Yet with this number, the heavy pecuniary embarrassments with which the Association took the paper is but partially relieved. We now have a note against us of \$1000, besides a debt for paper of about \$700, and several smaller ones for necessary expenses. And while upon this part of our subject, we would say that we hope every Preacher having money in his hands will transmit it without delay, and every subscriber who has been delinquent will pay his bill to the authorized agent, or remit it to us, immediately. All the money we can obtain is much needed. We trust that we may be excused for being thus importunate.

Will our brethren make an effort to increase the number by next Conference to 4000? If each one of our preachers would engage to send us four new subscribers, it would be more than done. A little extra exertion is all that is desired. Could not our subscribers, too, who feel an interest in our success, send us at least one each? The Herald ought to have an immense circulation, and if our brethren will lend us their aid, it will have the largest of any other in New England. It is taken already by a very large number of clergymen, judges, lawyers, physicians, and others of sister evangelical denominations; and we have frequent opportunity to know that it is doing good by acquainting them with the true character of Methodism, and by dissipating the airy monsters which have been conjured up in the imaginations of our enemies, and presented to the public as the horrid forms of Episcopacy, and all its et ceteras.

Another reason why we plead for the concentrated and energetic assistance of our friends, is that the enemies of the Herald are engaged in systematic and unidirectional efforts to injure us; and we grieve to say, that to some extent they have succeeded. Still we have no fears.

TEMPERANCE AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."—The N. York Transcript publishes a letter from their Washington correspondent, from which we make the following extract:—

These things are not managed now, as they once were. Under the old regime, the occupant of the Executive mansion used to give the sovereign people gin—then they got drunk—now he gives them cold water, and they go home sober. The whole thing is managed better than it once was, and General Jackson is entitled to the thanks of the Temperance Society, for the "reform" he has effected.

President Jackson—to his honor be it spoken—has always been recognized as a strictly temperate man. We rejoice that he is acting upon his principles.

Judging from the article received from Worcester, we should think the writer was one of the modern "Perfectionists." If so, he might have paid the postage on his letter. Or is not the duty of honesty a part of his creed? To the questions we would give the very definite answer of Yes—no.

## PROCEEDINGS RELATIVE TO THE BOOK CONCERN.

A meeting of the Presiding Elder of the Boston District and the preachers stationed in the city and vicinity, was held at our office on Wednesday afternoon, to consider measures in behalf of the Book Concern. After a free consultation, a committee was appointed to prepare a Circular addressed to the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the bounds of the New England Conference, to be submitted for approval to a meeting to be called on Friday, 4th inst., composed of committees from the official boards of the three Methodist Episcopal churches of the city.

The latter meeting was held at the Herald office, on Friday. It was composed of a strong representation of the officers of our three churches. Mr. THOMAS PATTERSON was appointed Chairman, and Rev. A. STEVENS Secretary. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. DANIEL FILLMORE. At this meeting it was resolved to call a public meeting of the male members and friends of our church, to be held in Bromfield Street Church on Wednesday (this) evening at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of adopting more efficient measures in this afflictive crisis. A committee consisting of JACOB SLEEPER, DR. A. B. SNOW, WILLIAM C. BROWN, ALBERT H. BROWN, and THOMAS PATTERSON, was appointed, to make preparations for and advertise the above meeting.

The following Circular, ordered to be prepared by the preachers' meeting, was then submitted by the Rev. A. Stevens, and adopted, and directed to be read at the public meeting this evening and printed.

## CIRCULAR

To the Members and Friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the New England Conference.

ESTEEMED BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—We, the members of the New England Conference resident in the city of Boston and its vicinity, having convened for the purpose of deliberating on measures proper to be adopted in reference to the late calamitous destruction of the "Methodist General Book Concern" in New York, feel it a sacred obligation we owe to the cause of Christianity in general, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular, to address you on this afflictive occasion, in behalf of that important establishment.

We cannot but deplore this painful event, as the most serious calamity recorded in our annals. The important relations of the Book Concern to the fiscal interests of our Church, its vast instrumentality in the cause of morals and in diffusing those great doctrines which were revived by the reformers, and are, with few unimportant discrepancies, the tenets of all evangelical churches—an instrumentality that extended parallel with our entire itinerancy, through the length and breadth of the land—together with the salutary tendency which such a momentous interest, common as it was to the whole church, must have to give consolidation and unity to our extensive body, are considerations which impart to this loss a painful importance, and should urge us to immediate and vigorous efforts to repair it.

Under the auspices of a favorable Providence, this establishment has been conducted through about half of a century, with a steady and growing prosperity. It was originally established in New York City, whence it was transferred in 1789 to Philadelphia, but has been for thirty-two years past located in the former place. Subsequently to the last General Conference, a spacious edifice was erected for the accommodation of its extensive business on an eligible position in Mulberry street, at an expense of \$40,000, in which about two hundred hands were employed at the time of the conflagration. Thus from the limits of a single room, known for some years as the "Book Room," had this noble institution enlarged its operations, until it had assumed a scale of business which, for extensiveness and despatch, rendered it one of the greatest book manufacturing concerns on our continent, and from its consecration to religious purposes, a stupendous means of doing good. "But our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers prayed, is burned up, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." The very vestige of that stately structure is a mass of ruins, and the patient efforts, the treasured contributions and fond anticipations of fifty years, have, in one fatal night, been dissipated to the winds. The loss is immense; nearly the entire stock,

consisting of presses, type, stereotype plates, binding materials and other appurtenances of the business, together with a vast amount of Bibles, Tracts, Sunday School, theological and other religious publications, has been consumed. According to the statement of the Agents, the most accurate estimate of loss cannot be less than 300,000 dollars. And owing to the insolvency of all but one of the insurance offices in which they held policies, it is probable that not more than \$25,000 can be recovered. In regard to insurance, the Agents themselves inform us that they had up to the month of October kept what was judged by the Book Committee, who are their constitutional advisers, an amount sufficiently large, covered by insurance in seven of the best offices of that city. After the large fire in Ann street, they became desirous of increasing their insurance, and having been informed by one of the companies, in which their policy had expired, that it would not renew for less than one hundred and fifty per cent. advance on the previous rates, they then resorted first to Philadelphia, next to Baltimore, and then to Boston, at each of which places, on their first application, they were encouraged to hope for success, but on furnishing them with a particular statement of the risk, they all declined taking it. They were then thrown back upon their own city, and on the expiration of another of their policies, they renewed it at an advance which was thought to be reasonable, and having ascertained that they could get as much insured at the same rate as they desired, they proceeded to insure at short intervals up to the time of the memorable fire of the 16th and 17th of December last. Here the means of protecting themselves ceased to be available and efficient, and they were obliged to pause; for having failed in an application to our three commercial cities under circumstances much less appalling, it would have been vain to hope for success under circumstances such as were marked by the destruction of many millions. They immediately adopted a more careful and rigid system of self-protection, and for this purpose expended several hundred dollars, and hoped that by the divine blessing upon those acts of duty, they were safe. But God permitted otherwise.

From a personal intimacy which some of us have had for years with our esteemed brethren, the Agents, and from the attention which we have been able to bestow on this subject, we are happy to feel ourselves at liberty to concur, most unreservedly, in the opinion expressed by a large and respectable meeting of the friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, that their vigilance and precaution were sufficient to prove most satisfactorily to the public, that no neglect on their part occasioned this lamentable occurrence, and that they are entitled to our warmest sympathies, our fervent prayers, and our active co-operation, under their present truly painful and discouraging circumstances.

One important consideration connected with the consequences of this insupportable providence, is the effects it will have in reducing the provisions made for our worn-out and superannuated brethren in the ministry, and for the widows and orphans of deceased preachers, many of whom, with all former resources, have been compelled to be content with but little more than their "cup of cold water and crust of bread."—Confessing that they are strangers and pilgrims in this world—"Having no abiding city," but "desiring a better country, that is, an heavenly." Many of the veterans of the early times still linger in our ranks, with constitutions broken by the extraordinary exertions which were indispensable in those days of labor and suffering, and with the pecuniary destitution which the limited salaries of the times and their consequent inability to provide for the future, have afflicted their declining years. Many likewise, who by the excessive labors and dangerous exposures of an itinerant life have fallen martyrs to the work, and ascended to their rest, have left to the sacred responsibility of the church their widowed companions and orphan little ones. The trust is a high one and a solemn one. It cannot, it will not be neglected. The injury which our church must suffer in this respect, from the melancholy occasion on which we address you, will be evident when we state that the dividend of the proceeds of the Book Concern to each of the twenty-two annual conferences, for the last few years has averaged from \$500 to \$800, and would have been the present year \$1000. So that a reduction of \$22,000 will be suffered in the provision allotted to the consideration of the extremely limited allowance made by the Discipline of our Church for its ministry, which in its utmost extent, after deducting the estimate of boarding and travelling expenses, is but for man and wife \$100 each, for each child under 7 years \$16, and \$24 for each over 7 and under 14, beyond which period there is no further provision, and that on this allowance he is dependent for books, clothing, and all other incidental expenditures, and further that in a majority of cases there is an actual and considerable deficiency in raising even this allowance, amounting, for instance, in our own conference, the last year, to about 33-1/3 per cent., and producing an aggregate deficit for 150 preachers of about \$14,000—these considerations cannot but impress the mind of the most casual observer with the conviction of the importance of so necessary an auxiliary to our finances. But our dependence upon this resource, with all our sanguine calculations of its growing efficiency, are annihilated by a sudden and mysterious providence, and all that remains to meet these deficiencies is the Chartered Fund, the annual dividend of which to each of the conferences, is but \$91. Yet we would bow in humble resignation to the dispensations of Him whose "ways are past finding out." While we wonder we will adore, confidently believing that our heavenly Father,

"Who moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,"  
will educe good out of this apparent evil. It is a sublime truth, taught us by the Christian revelation, which mere speculative philosophy, however, never discovered in theory nor adopted in practical conduct, but which enters into the experience of the lowliest Christian, and is one of the strongest realizations of his faith, that "all things," and therefore even the most disastrous afflictions, "shall work together for good to them that love God." Let it be the boast of our Church, on this melancholy occasion, that those doctrines of the divine superintendence, which have been our rejoicing in the day of our prosperity, are still our confidence in the day of adversity. Believing as we do in a merciful and special Providence, let not our zeal be damped by the discouragements of this crisis of trial—let us not, with supineness, presumptuously abandon the cause to the sole operation of Providence; but knowing that it works by means, let us consider this event as a summons to more vigorous endeavors, and by our zealous co-operation with Providence, demonstrate our confidence in it. While we point the eye of public sympathy to the desolate site of our Book Concern, as the only remnant of one of the noblest loves of our Zion, let us still rejoice that "the Lord reigneth."

Beloved brethren and friends, with this summary view of the nature and extent of our loss, we conceive the present afflictive occasion to call for the exercise of an extended sympathy, and an unprecedented liberality among us. Our misfortune is immense—perhaps unparalleled in the history of religious benevolence,—nor would we disguise its appalling magnitude; but it is not irreparable. Let there be a general and unanimous coming up of our friends to meet the emergency—let the yet youthful spirit of our Zion, so proverbially zealous and energetic, and which has heretofore given us unparalleled success under unparalleled difficulties, be embodied in

Good sermons are not often complained of, as being too long; neither are written productions, if they possess proportional excellence. The inquiry has often been made by those who have read these letters, "How shall we obtain the unfeigned edification?" I do not know enough about the matter to be able to decide, whether the *recipe* recently put forth by the Editor of the New York Star, with some prefatory remarks, is worthy of credit or not. His assertions, in

one universal effort to repair the evil, and we shall soon rear again our prostrated "Book Concern," on a basis more ample, and with an operation more efficient than ever. We therefore, with our brethren at New York, earnest and affectionately recommend to our friends and members in every station and circuit and appointment, to adopt immediate measures, if they have not already adopted them, to assist the Agents in recommending their business. We would recommend that public meetings be called, that donations and subscriptions be solicited; and after procuring what can be obtained by this course, public collections can be taken in all our churches. Beside the advantages which such a prompt and general effort will afford in enabling the establishment immediately to resume its operation, the moral influence of our community, will be of the most salutary kind, and may yet enable us to say, "It was good for us that we have been afflicted."

In this period of darkness and sore trial, we rejoice that the benign charities of our common Christianity, pledge to us the sympathies and prayers of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, of whatever name and sect. The injury sustained is not confined to ourselves, but affects to a considerable extent those interests which are common to the universal Church. The Bible, Tract, and Sunday School operations of our extensive Church were all connected with the Book Concern, and all participate in its ruin. All the friends of good morals, and of the diffusion of religious knowledge, will therefore appreciate our present affliction as a common calamity. And we need not assure the benevolent of all sister churches, that any expression of their sympathy and liberality will meet with the most heartfelt return of gratitude, both to themselves and to the common Father of us all.

Finally, brethren, committing the cause to your prayers and contributions, and to the blessing of God,

We remain, &c.

BARTHOLOMEW OTHMAN,

P. E. of Boston District.

RUFUS SPAULDING, Boston.

DANIEL FILLMORE, do.

JEFFERSON HAMILTON, do.

EDWARD T. TAYLOR, do.

ABEL STEVENS, do.

ASA KENT, Charlestown.

EDWARD OTHMAN, East Cambridge.

The foregoing Circular having been read before a meeting of the committees of the Official Boards of the three Methodist Episcopal Churches in this city, was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be read at the general meeting of the friends of the M. E. Church, to be held on Wednesday evening, 9th inst., and to be published.

NOAH K. SKINNER, Com. of  
LUTHER TOWN, Bennett  
NORTON NEWCOMB, Street.  
THOMAS PATTERSON, Sen., Com. of  
JACOB SLEEPER, Brom-  
THOMAS BARNALL, field St.  
ALBERT H. BROWN, Com. of  
DAVID H. ELA, Church  
GEORGE C. THOMPSON, St.

To our brethren in Connecticut, who wrote us respecting his *obituary notice*, we would say that it is unfortunately lost. We have searched our pigeon holes carefully, and since we received his letter, anxiously, but can nowhere find it. If he will send us another, it shall appear.

With reference to the style of our old friend, we shall say nothing. If you scold with all your might, brother, we will love you still, and keep good humored. We know that you are in the "land of steady habits," and are therefore justified in wanting every thing to go just right. By the way, that puts us in mind that the first man we saw in that sober State, after we got out of the stage, was a poor, drunken wretch, who very uncourtously pushed us off the side-walk. A fine specimen, thought we, of "the land of steady habits!"

The editor of the Keene (N. H.) Republican, alluding to the numerous petitions which have been sent to Congress signed by females, says:—"Had we a wife who would so far 'unsex' herself as to be meddling in men's affairs, interfering, by petitions and recommendations, in matters of legislation, and national concerns, we would say at once—'My dear,' take the 'unmentionables'!"—Boston Post.

"The Editor of the Keene (N. H.) Republican," if he said "that same," wrote very like a simpleton—or, at least, like a crusty old bachelor, well preserved in vinegar. The lofty capacities of women were not designed by the Almighty to be used merely in planning the best way to darn a stocking, nurse a child, or cook a dinner. There are many "national concerns" in which they can safely and properly "intermeddle." And to prove that they can do something *effectually*, we need only point to the glorious efforts of the ladies of Great Britain, when the subject of Slavery convulsed Parliament.

[From a New York Correspondent.]

Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1836.

DEAR BROTHER—The ignorance that prevails among many pious men, on the wine question, must not be set down for sordid or corrupt motives in them. At any rate, I for one have charity for "Theophilus Arminius," although his remarks on the gentleman who, as he claims, has robbed him of his jacket or breeches, (he does not say which,) are ill-timed, and especially so, when directed to those who had been reading attentively the writings of Mr. Sargent. Allow me to inform your venerable friend in the far west, that a great portion of the wine used for sacramental purposes has for its chief ingredients, New Rum weakened with water, and afterwards sweetened with honey, and colored with a substance made by distillers for the special purpose; and as for the poisonous substances that are often added to correct the taste and flavor, you have before been informed. Now, sir, is it a useless work in Mr. S. to put the community on their guard against an imposition, which, to be abominated, needs only to be exposed? But few know about this matter; neither did I believe it, till "proof positive" was had, and evidence furnished me that can be legalized.

I sincerely hope, Mr. Editor, that Theophilus Arminius will take no exceptions to what I have said, but continue to favor your readers with such rich varieties as I have formerly read from his pen; and I would rely and patiently wait for voluntary retraction of an error, till known to be such.

There is one point of semblance between these gentlemen, which adds much, in my estimation, to the general value of their productions. I mean their usual good humor.

In these crusty times, such writings afford a good contrast to the bitterness which too often manifests itself. I took up with your advice and read all the controversial numbers from the pen of Mr. Sargent, and am free to say that I found them no ways tiresome, even in the warm weather; and how could I, while the showers of cold water were falling on the heads of his opponents? Perhaps they experienced sensations, however, not unlike those of "thine enemy," while we was fed and given drink.

Good sermons are not often complained of, as being too long; neither are written productions, if they possess proportional excellence. The inquiry has often been made by those who have read these letters, "How shall we obtain the unfeigned edification?" I do not know enough about the matter to be able to decide, whether the *recipe* recently put forth by the Editor of the New York Star, with some prefatory remarks, is worthy of credit or not. His assertions, in

the same paragraph, are quite interesting, if true; and I should like to read some comment thereon from your learned champion. It is difficult telling when party editors intend to speak the truth, excepting those who give their undivided attention to the distribution of false facts.

Since writing the above, I recollected that your great family of law-makers were in session. I wish I had a chance to appeal to their self-interest; I would begin—"Mr. Speaker, it is a well known fact, and I presume many gentlemen in this house are aware of it, that the practice of mixing pure sperm oil with that of a very inferior quality, called whale oil, (in order to make very large profits) is extensively carried on by the dealers; and the public are thus defrauded. Not only so, sir, many of the members present, perhaps, are the retailers of this article, and are therefore interested in carrying out such abuses, and making some provision by law, for their correction;" and whenever a member should submit an order to that effect, I would move an amendment, by requesting the gentleman to add to it, an inquiry into the manufacture of "deacon's oil" also, and the deceptions practised in that branch of business. If for the sake of money, this must be continued, then let us put an entering wedge between the lovers of it, and we shall not only see its branches lopped off, but its root shall be so barred, that the trunk, having no longer support, will fall to the ground. Yours, &c.

REV. MR. STUDLEY—WHO IS HE?—The New England Spectator, mentioned this gentleman's name as one of the advocates for wine at the recent Temperance Convention in this State. A Correspondent inquires who the Rev. Mr. Studley is, as his name appears no where on the record.

Will Brother Porter inform us?

An Infidel, in the Investigator, speaking of the accounts of revivals in the Herald, says:—

"These last are the flattest things I ever read; and I hardly think I should dare to encounter them on an empty stomach; for as it was, they made me weak and giddy, long before I got through with their perusal."

We do not doubt it. The triumphs of the blood-stained banner must, necessarily, make those sick, who are straining every nerve to tear it from the staff.

## METHODIST "NEW MEASURES."

In Tunbridge, Vermont, is a meeting-house, built within a few years, by the Methodists and Universalists; in Royanton, on the borders of Royanton and Barnard, is another; in East Bethel, another; in Randolph, another; in Brookfield, another; in Stockbridge, another; in Rochester, another; in Hancock, another; in Warren, another and several others are in contemplation. The most distant of those mentioned, are probably less than 40 miles apart. In Fairlee, we are informed, that those two denominations have formed a "Union Society" for the support of preaching; though, in that town, they will not hear each other's preachers. In some instances, those two denominations have united to elect town officers. It is thought, by intelligent men, well acquainted in that region that the cause of Universalism has been very much strengthened by this alliance.

If this plan be a good one, why would it not be well to extend it? Why not unite the Trumpet and Christian Advocate, and let the paper contain, like the pulpits in those meetings, Methodist one week and Universalism the next? It might be published, if brother Kingsbury should not claim the honor of having a part in it, by the firm Whittemore and Bangs.

We should like to know, how far this alliance has been ratified by the Methodist authorities at New York or elsewhere.—Boston Recorder.

If the above be true, we pronounce it, without hesitation, an unholy coalition—a coalition which can only result in the confusion of truth, and the destruction—so far as its influence may extend—of Methodism. And we beseech our brethren who may have entered into such an union, to leave it at any sacrifice. What would we have thought if the Apostle and Simon Magus had thus conjured themselves together—one to build up and the other to pull down? And is there any difference? Methodism and Universalism can no more mingle than oil and water. It is the very way of all others to promote scepticism. What a picture it presents—Christianity and semi-infidelity arm in arm! But it appears to us that the Editor of the Recorder designed to implicate Dr. Bangs in this matter. We believe that no man would more unspontaneously denounce such an union than that venerable champion of Methodism. He has been for half a century laboring with invincible energy for the purity of the church. Is it to be supposed, then, that at this late day—while his head is covered with the hoary laurels of victory in his work—Dr. Bangs would advocate so impious an amalgamation? No. We stand his voucher.

GENEROUS.—The American Bible Society have voted to present the M. E. Church 5000 Bibles and 1000 Testaments for the use of our Sabbath Schools.

L. M. SARGENT.—This gentleman, for his review of Dr. Sprague, and his letters to Bishop Hopkins, is running the gauntlet. The *Christian Examiner* contains a cobweb article upon the present state of the Temperance Reform, in which Mr. S. is attacked with great ferocity. The article is signed C. S. We wonder if those are the initials of Rev. Mr. Stetson's name, of Medford. If so, the reason of his opposition will be obvious to every gentleman of the recent Temperance Convention. We have seen men in our day, in public debates, silenced and put to blush; but we never saw one before fairly on his back, writhing under a whip of scorpions—every stroke of which was administered with a courteous bow. "Clear Cold Water" on our outside has taken some notice of the Examiner.

"The Christian Review," a new quarterly just published, edited by Prof. Knowles of the Newton Theological Institution, has also pronounced upon "Theophilus." Mr. Sargent will answer this article in our next, over his former and well known signature. We need not commend for it general attention.

[From a Correspondent.]

YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 24, 1836.

DEAR BROTHER—Although we are situated within the bounds of the New York Conference, yet I feel that the information of a powerful revival now in progress in this place cannot be uninteresting to you. A spiritual death has for a long time existed in New Haven, and since the revival of 1831. I think I may safely say, there have not been twenty conversions in our church. But the winter has passed, we trust; for the vivifying breezes of a spiritual spring are already blowing upon us, strengthening our souls and refreshing our bosoms.

The present work commenced on watch-night, the old year, rolled away the unbelief and listlessness of the church; with the new, life, love, and zeal were ushered in. Our meetings have been continued every evening without any intermission, and nearly every night souls have been born into the kingdom of God. Old and young—rich and poor—learned and ignorant—nominal Christians and sinners have been the subjects of conversion. It is impossible to say how many have been blessed; I should think however, about one hundred and seventy; for one hundred and twenty-eight have already been received upon probation by our church alone—some have joined the churches of other denominations—and some are still unrepentant. The altar (and it is a large one, I assure you) is crowded every night, and oftentimes the front seats also. Verily God is with us—Glory be to his name.

There is a very peculiar feature in this revival worthy of notice. The work, so far as human means are con-

cerned, has been carried on *entirely* by the Church. We have had no ministerial brethren from abroad to preach their "great" sermons—to kindle up a spirit of curiosity and excitement, and in the midst of it desert us. We have had no preaching that has burned like the meteor's flash for a moment to dazzle but not to guide. Our sermons have been "little" ones, so far as intellect is concerned—simple declarations of the truth—plain and undorned, yet powerful to awaken and convict;—like stars in the sky, they have been individually scarcely visible; yet as one after another has come forth, the darkness has been gradually dispersed, until together they have shed a mild and cheering light to guide many a gladdened soul to the embrace of his Saviour. May the Lord continue this blessed work.

There is nothing very interesting in College—except that the church seem to be casting aside the garb of lethargy they have so long worn, and mantling their souls in the bright robe of love, and beginning to shake themselves for a contest with the powers of darkness. We are full to the overflowing. About one-third are professors of religion.

And now a word, my dear brother, about the "Herald." The more I read it, the more I like it. It seems to me to be improving every day. It has started for an ascent up the mountain of Truth, and every step bears it higher. That was a glorious effort it recently made, when, bounding from its position, it came down like a giant in his strength upon the neck of False Friendship, crushing the traitor with its heel. I refer to the writings of "TRIZOPHILUS." Let another like effort be made, and the monster Intemperance will lay bound at its feet, bleeding, gasping, and expiring. Public Opinion has grasped the spade, and a grave for the victim is half dug, already. Let the Herald go through—strut up a crusade not only against ardent spirits, but against wine also. Oh, the consistency of the friends of Temperance, who can talk and preach against rum and whiskey, while they quaff the good "Falerianum." They are throwing brick-bats at the old bear while they ride on the back of one of her cubs.

If the cause of temperance is to prevail, its friends must be willing to make every individual sacrifice. Would that this was the motto of every true patriot,—"*Sacrifice for the sake of principle.*" If it should be adopted, happy would be this nation. It was the devotion of our pilgrim fathers to this motto that first induced them to lay the foundation of this beautiful fabric, which is both the home of liberty and the admiration of the world. If this fabric is to be preserved and embellished by the hands of their descendants, the same motto must be written in characters of undying fire upon its highest pinnacles, and followed out by every true born child; whether it be the distinguished politician, who stands upon its watch-tower, or the humble mechanic, that toils beneath the shade of its banner. Let this be the noble spirit that shall animate the hearts of the present and future generations, and America shall stand triumphant in her glory. Despotism and Tyranny may gnash their teeth in hatred; Popery may threaten with its chains and inquisitions; Infidelity may flap its black wings, and bear death in its talons, but our country shall stand, and, like the lighthouse in a stormy sea, shall proudly bid defiance. Onward and upward shall be her course, beautiful in her flight; till, when the final conflagration shall destroy this world, the last spark will expire on the spot where America once stood. I will write you again, soon.

Yours in the Lord, CHARLES RICH.

DR. GRAHAM.—Some of the medical fraternity appear to be thrown into spasms by their horror of Grahamism. One gentleman solemnly attempts to show in the Medical Journal that it produces insanity, and intimates that Dr. Graham, himself is slightly touched. Every man who makes an effort to reform old errors, is deemed now a day either a fanatic or a madman. Truth, however, is more powerful than slander—and so long as Dr. Graham bases his teachings upon the immutable principles of physiological science, he will influence others and be honored himself.

[Extract from a Western Correspondent.]

MOUNT CARMEL, WABASH CO., ILL.,

FEB. 12, 1836.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—Mount Carmel has rather a romantic appearance. It is built upon elevated ground. On the east are high bluffs, rising 30 or 40 feet, which overlook a forest and the beautiful "Wabash." There is a mineral spring in the side of one of the bluffs. Many new things present themselves to a tourist between Boston and this place; but I know that "first impressions" of a place and of a people are not always to be trusted, consequently I shall not make many remarks relative to the country.

We are morally on an ocean. In the morning, the sea is smooth—the wind agreeable—the sun imparts his light and heat—our bark is in safety. We fondly imagine this state will continue;—but the atmosphere changes—the clouds look dark—the thunders roar—lightnings flash—the tempestuous sea is violently raging—the angry waves dash with increasing fury upon our vessel—is on the point of sinking!—"Just going down!" Then we trust in God and are saved.

Yours affectionately, P. W. N.

## COME TO OUR HELP!!!

In our last we stated that Boston was raising in behalf of the prostrate Book Concern. It is now *rouse!* *thoroughly awake!* Look at the account in another column of the spirit-stirring proceedings at a preparatory meeting. Read that Circular—every word and syllable of it. It is an appeal which should—and which will—receive a hearty response from every portion of generous New England. In this case the spirit of sacrifice is demanded of all who have an affection for the Institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Do you love the missionary cause, reader? Then come to our aid. Do you esteem the Sabbath-school cause? Its operation at the fountain head is stopped! The Bible cause? Thousands of that sacred volume are buried in the smouldering ruins. The Tract cause? We have none to distribute. By the fire at New York, the wheels of our vast and admirable machinery were destroyed.

We appeal to you, dear brethren, for the church of your adoption—for the church which has nursed and strengthened you for the superannuated Preachers who have worn themselves out in your service, and are now stricken with poverty. Every one can give something. We appeal to our brethren and friends of other denominations. Laying aside all sectarian jealousies and animosities we respectfully ask their aid. The loss of the "Book Concern" is in a great measure a common loss—Evangelical Christianity must suffer materially.

[?] Come, then, to-night, one and all, at 7 o'clock, at Bromfield street Church, prepared to do a noble act!

The following letter in relation to this subject is from our Presiding Elder:—

DEAR BROTHERS—It was with deep regret that I read the late intelligence respecting the destruction of our Book Establishment at New York by fire. My regret however has been principally in consequence of the interruption which that powerful auxiliary to the spread of scriptural holiness must necessarily suffer in its various and benevolent operations. The loss is indeed great, but not irreparable. Nor should we wait for any action of the General Conference at its ensuing session, before we do something, or before we do something *worthy* the cause we profess to love so ardently. There should be but one sentiment inspiring the bosom of every Methodist, and that is *The Book Establishment must be rebuilt and rebuilt immediately, and by part of the means to accomplish it is ready.* Let it be recollected as has been suggested before, that all the net profits of the Concern are appropriated for the spread of the Gospel, and who

amongst us will refuse thropic and Christian element into its former prement have a brilliant example thirteen thousand dollars Street Church as a res-benevolence of New Y-England Methodists be example? Shall Boston motto of Methodism? what others are doing, may do? A thousand ness and liberality with re-echo—No. Now the motto of Methodism? should remember that the what we do towards it w—for our posterity—for Yours affectionately, Charles Eaton, Feb.

NOTA BENE.—We ex-tions of our brethren on yeomany in the interior

DEATH-BED EXERCISE call attention to Rev. J. upon this subject, prep- however, escaped our pur- to turn to that article, and slight faith can be placed cises. It is the LIFE of individual who has lived hours, by the combined exuberant spirits (for mal spirits almost to the and secure. But he shal at full speed over the pr by the prospective dang ever weak, in order to l difficulty is that the mi brought to that definite sary.

Brother Case has sh-

MR. WILLIAMS

To the Editor of Zion's Within a few weeks, zed sections of this State medical talents of Mr. have at different times of periodicals of this city.

I have been cautious no man, or of his pretensi this communication, to di- When Mr. Williams fir- troduced to him, and was He showed me his nume- dations, from various p- thought well, until I be- confide of extorting them fr confidence in them.

He stated that his obje- simply one of benevolence a philanthropist, until, ha- In moderate circumstances that he treated her very







## Poetry.

[From the London Literary Magazine.]  
THE DEAD MOTHER.

DIAGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND CHILD.  
F. Touch not thy mother, boy; thou shalt not wake her.  
C. Why, father? she will wake at this hour.  
F. Your mother's dead, my child.

C. And what is dead?  
If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping—  
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother, rise—  
Her hand is very cold!

F. Her heart is cold, her limbs  
Are bloodless—would that mine were so!  
C. If she would wake, she would soon be warm—  
Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I  
This winter morning were not covered better,  
I should be cold like her.

F. No—not like her; the fire  
Might warm you, or thick clothes, but her,  
Nothing can warm again.

C. If I could wake her,  
She would smile on me as she always does,  
And kiss me—Mother! you have slept too long—  
Her face is pale, and it would frighten me,  
But that I know she loves me.

F. Come, my child.  
Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt  
A beating at her side, and then she said  
I was her heart that beat, and made me feel  
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,  
Only mine was the quickest; and I feel  
My own heart yet, but hers I cannot feel.

F. Child! child! you drive me mad—  
Come hence, I say.

C. Nay, father, be not angry! let me stay  
Here till my mother wakes.

F. I have told you,  
Your mother cannot wake, not in this world,  
But in another she will wake for us;  
When we have slept like her, then shall we see her.

C. Would it were night then!  
No—unhappy child!

F. Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep  
That last long sleep—thy father soon shall sleep it;  
Then thou wilt be deserted upon the earth;  
None will regard thee: thou wilt soon forget  
That thou hadst natural ties, an orphan lone,  
Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,  
And women still more wicked.

C. Father! father!  
Why do you look so terribly upon me—  
You will not hurt me?

F. Hurt thee, darling? No;  
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,  
That it should hurt my boy? Come, dearest, come,  
You are not angry, then?

F. Too well I love you.  
C. All you have said, I cannot now remember,  
Nor what it meant; you terrified me so:  
But this I know you told me—I must sleep  
Before my mother wakes—so, to-morrow—  
O father! that to-morrow were but come!

## TO JESUS, THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

The following stanzas are said to be the last that Cow-  
PER ever wrote:—

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour! when absent I love;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and pow'r;

Disolve thou the bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee;  
O! strike off the adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free!

Then that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glory I shine;  
And no longer pierce with my sins  
The bosom on which I recline.

## Miscellaneous.

## ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Johnson was a frequent visitor at Sheridan's, when he was in London, and used to fondle the children, in his rough way. Observing that Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter already began to give signs of that love of literature for which she was afterwards distinguished, and that she was very busily employed in reading his "Rambles," her mother hastened to assure Dr. J. that it was only works of that unexceptionable description which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl.

"In general," added Mrs. S., "I am very careful to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth."

"Then you are a fool, madam!" replied the doctor; "turn your daughter loose into the library; if she is well inclined, she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your cautions will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations."

## POWER OF RELIGION—POWER OF MUSIC.

One of the most interesting anecdotes illustrating the power of music, was related a few days since, in a social meeting, by an English clergyman, who was acquainted with the facts.

A nobleman of great wealth, Lord —, was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches—his honors and friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended in her education; and well did she repay, in her intellectual endowments, the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners. They were all strangers to God. At length Miss — attended a Methodist meeting in London, was deeply awakened and soon happily converted. Now she delighted in the service of the sanctuary, and social religious meetings. To her, the charms of Christianity were overpowering; frequenting those places where she met with congenial minds animated with similar hopes, she was often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her fond father, with awful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated, was to him, occasion of deep grief; and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasures and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashions and extravagances of others of her birth, and leave the Methodist meetings; but she maintained her integrity. He took her on long and frequent journeys, conducting her in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many projects, which he fondly an-

ticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her to company under such circumstances, that she must either join in the recreations of the party, or give high offence. Hope lighted up the countenance of this infatuated, but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle in its meshes, the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends, that several young ladies should, on the approaching festive occasion, give a song, accompanied by the piano forte. The hour arrived—the party assembled. Several had performed their parts, to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss — was called on for a song, and many hearts now beat high in hope of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced. Should she comply, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate. With perfect self-possession, she took her seat at the piano forte, ran her fingers over its keys, and commenced playing and singing in a sweet air, the following words by Charles Wesley:

No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But oh! when both shall end!  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud. One by one they left the house. Lord — never rented till he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence—having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, at the time of his death, nearly half a million of dollars.

The above relation, though deeply interesting, is deficient in two respects. First, as the father of the lady is dead, his name should have been given. It always adds very much to the interest of the story, to have names and dates.

Second, the name of the "sweet air," should have been given, which produced such a wonderful effect upon the assembly, and the singing of which, together with the words, was the means of the conversion of her father. To all persons who take any interest in singing, it would be an exceedingly pleasant thing to know the name of a tune, used on an occasion productive of such remarkable consequences, as that mentioned in the above relation. Yet it is a very common thing for writers to neglect to do this.—

CHAMPAIGN.—No, no; said an old fiddler, there is no sham about it; it is real pain, I assure you.

TER-TOTAL SIX.—A brewer met a tee-totaller, an old customer of his, well dressed one Sunday, and intending to treat him, said, "Come, John, shew us the tee-tot sign" (alluding to the pass signs of secret societies).

"Very well, I will," and pulling his hand out of his pocket, full of silver, said, "This is the tee-tot sign!"

## A CHILD SHAKER.

Seldom will a sight present itself, which will touch stronger sympathies, than that of a Child Shaker. Take it in its garb, fit only for the withered form of age, with its dry response—carrying you back to scriptural communication—of yea—yea, and—nay—nay; a child without the vagaries of childhood, a copy of the men and women Shakers, a chick on which the mantle of Ann Lee has fallen in miniature; and the oddities of all human fanaticism will not present many an odder image. It groweth up for a solemn crossing of hands, for a life that is one long straight jacket, and for yea and nay; for the weaving of baskets, and the pressing of cheeses on all week days, and for a quaint old dance on all Sundays, thro' four score and ten years. It knoweth nought of the high places, the brilliant sights, the power, and grandeur, and mechanism of that far country—that wicked island in an ocean of Shakerism, called the world—it keepeth on its growing and declining periods of life, eating, dancing, singing, working, with a solemnity that it learns to breathe as an atmosphere and which is as little to be accounted for or conscious to itself. It hath no holidays, or spending money; it never shoots fire-crackers, or lets off a squib. It does not keep a baby-house, or play at having a ten-penny. The Fourth of July dawns to it like any other morning; and it never counts the weeks, and then the days, and then the hours to vacation. It never hears the words father and mother; and should it die, though rarely, it will not be wept with a parent's agony, even if the natural parent stand at the bedside. Should you in your worldly curiosity, seek a reason for this, you need not be informed that Ann Lee said there were no parents and children in Heaven.

## ANECDOTE OF OLDEN TIME.

Mr. S—, a reputable and thrifty merchant of the last century, was possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness, together with a tact for turning every circumstance to his own advantage. We have heard many anecdotes of him, and among others the following, which, perhaps, will better show off his peculiarities than a labored description. He kept a grocery store near Spring Hill, which like the grocery stores of that period, was filled with a variety of notions; among other things, he was famous for the good quality of his cotton, an article which at that time was very scarce and high. One day a customer from the country drove up to his door and inquired the price of his cotton.

"Three and sixpence per pound," replied S—.  
"Weigh me a dozen pounds," says the countryman, at the same stepping into the store with a large bag to put it in.

The cotton was weighed and put into the bag, and Mr. S— stepped into the counting room to make a bill, leaving his customer busily engaged in tying it up. Now, it so happened, there was a small lot of good looking cheeses near the spot, and the countryman, though right from the land of milk and honey, could not resist the propensity to crib one of them. He accordingly took one up, and after looking about to see that none were observing him, slid it into the bag, which he immediately tied up, and patiently awaited the return of S—, who soon after came out and presented the bill, which the countryman paid.

Now Mr. S— was one of the most polite men of the age, and, moreover, his quick eye had detected the abduction of a cheese. He was at no loss to account for his disappearance, and instantly prepared

himself to act as circumstances might require. The countryman, after one or two unimportant observations, was preparing to depart. S—, whom we before observed was excessively polite, would by no means suffer him to carry his own bundle, but offered his services, and, at the same time, took up the bag to carry out. He had proceeded nearly to the door of his shop, when he stopped.

"This bag is very heavy—I must have made a mistake in the weight of the cotton."

"I—I—I guess not," says the countryman.

"But I have, certainly," says S—. "I can hardly carry it: we must weigh it again."

By this time S— had brought it back to the counter, and was preparing to untie it. Here was a dilemma. If the bag was untied, the theft would be discovered, and if weighed as it was, it would be paying monstrously high for the cheese. The countryman hem'd and ha'd, and scratched his head, but without getting a step out of the difficulty. To complete his consternation; at that moment another person entered the store; this decided him, and after drawing a long breath, he stammered out,  
"Mr. S—, don't trouble yourself to untie the bag; it weighs just a pound—I've weighed it a hundred times."

"No consequence," said S—, and he put the whole into the scales; "I knew I must have made a mistake. It weighs thirty-eight pounds—blockhead that I am! Let me see, twelve that you paid for, and one for the bag is thirteen—thirteen from thirty-eight leaves twenty-five. Twenty-five pounds at three shillings and sixpence, is £4 7s 6d. Wait a moment, I will make another bill."

The countryman did wait, received the bill, and paid £4 7s 6d for his cheese. He then flung the bag into the wagon—jumped in, and drove off, with a face glowing like ignited charcoal. Mr. S— remained in the door until he had bowed his customer out of sight, then turning round, he coolly observed to the person within, "Our friend there has a fine horse—Good George! how fast he trots!"—V. H. Gaz.

A GOOD HIST.—A tee-totaller at Leyland, a young man, with the consent of his mother, tied a temperance tract round each decanter's neck before they were taken into the parlor to a party of friends.—Preston [Eng.] Tem. Adv.

## THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Some years ago an English clergyman was invited to take the pastoral charge of a large and wealthy congregation. One of his first inquiries on coming among them was, what they had done in aid of benevolent societies.

"What do your subscriptions for Foreign Missions amount to?"

"We have not given any thing for that object."

"And for the Bible Society?"

"Nothing."

"I cannot stay with such a church," said the clergyman.

The members of the congregation, who were extremely anxious to secure his services, remarked that he could himself open subscriptions for these different religious societies on the spot. He took them at their word, and set himself immediately to work. He organized several associations among his people, and collected, the first year, six hundred pounds sterling (nearly \$3,000). During the same year he sent from his own church, eleven members to be missionaries; before he left his charge, he had sent out twenty, and finally devoted himself to the missionary work. This clergyman is now known to all friends of the cause. It was Dr. Philip, now superintendent of the London Society's Missions at the Cape of Good Hope.—Pl. Chronicle.

## [From the United Service Journal.]

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,  
And still the bulk drove on;  
No sail to answer to the breeze,  
Her masts and cordage gone;  
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,  
Each looked but for a grave—  
When, full in sight, the beacon light  
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout  
Of all that Hardy crew;  
Bollily they put the helm about  
And through the surf they flew;  
Storm was forgot—till heeded not—  
And loud the cheer they gave—  
As, in full sight, the beacon light  
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gaily of the tale they told,  
When they were safe on shore;  
How hearts had sunk and hopes grown cold  
Amid the billow's roar;  
When not a star had shown from far  
By its pale beam to save;  
Then, full in sight, the beacon light  
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of nature's gloom,  
When sorrow bows the heart—  
When cheering hopes no more illumine,  
And prospects all depart—  
Then, from afar, there shone a star,  
With cheering light to save;  
And full in sight, its beacon light  
Came streaming o'er the wave.

## A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON.

Little Henry became an orphan at a very early age, and his father left him to the care of a very pious minister, under whose roof he dwelt, and where he not only received an education, but his moral and religious habits were strictly attended to.

The establishment was simple, consisting only of his guardian and one faithful servant. One evening in the week Henry always accompanied his friend and tutor to a lecture at the place of worship where he was accustomed to officiate. It happened at one of these meetings, the subject of the discourse was prayer. After the service, his tutor having a particular engagement with a friend, little Henry was to return to his home. While he was taking his supper, the kind-hearted domestic said to him,

"Henry, do you ever pray?"  
"No," he said, he did not.  
She told him it was a duty which he ought to attend; and encouraged by his ready assent to her remarks, she asked if he would promise her that he would pray that night before he went to bed.  
"Yes, I will," he replied.

Henry finished his supper and returned to his

amusements, forgetting what had passed. The time for his going to bed arrived; he had taken off his jacket, and was undressing, when the recollection of the promise he had made rushed upon his mind. He dared not go to bed, till he had done what he had promised; he knelt down by his bedside, and breathed out, under strong feelings, a short and simple prayer, the impression and effect of which have never left him. From that evening he had never omitted the performance of that duty, to the period when he related the circumstance to the writer, which must have been at least thirty years after it had occurred.

And he has had reason to rejoice that the inquiry dictated by the affectionate interest of Mary had led him thus early to seek the God of his fathers in prayer, with the prayer of the heart, not merely words of the lips. Many have been the vicissitudes and trials, of no ordinary kind, which he has experienced, and through which he has passed without loss of character or friends. Religion has been his great support under them all. He has ever cast his cares on Him who alone could sustain him, and rested on Him who is the Rock of Ages.

## THE PEDANT AND THE SAILOR.

A man of learning lived upon the banks of a river; he was not one of those amiable sages who enjoy in solitude the fruits of their studies, but a real pedant, overflowing with Greek and Latin, who incessantly tormented every body with quotations, metaphors, &c. He did not content himself with addressing those who were able to understand him—but he was surrounded by poor peasants, who were acquainted with little beyond their field and plough, and yet he accompanied them to their huts with Homer and Sophocles, without even translating his quotations.

"Sir," said the peasants, "let us till our fields and plant our cabbages—if we spent our time in filling our heads with things we did not understand, you would not have such fine fruits and vegetables upon your table."

But instead of seeing the truth of this remark, he exclaimed with self-satisfaction, "Labor omnia vincit."

Not far from this pedant lived a sailor, a queer fellow, always merry, constantly singing, and very skillful in his profession. One day the pedant had occasion to cross the river, and went on board the sailor's boat, who took his oar and pushed off. The following dialogue took place between them:—

"Friend," said the pedant to the boatman, "you seem to be very happy, and I suppose are quite satisfied with yourself?"

"And why should I not?" said the boatman, "I make good use of my time, and have no cause of sorrow."

"Ah! you make good use of your time! Truly I should be glad to know whether you deserve to be so happy. Can you read?"

"No sir, not a letter."

"Poor wretch! Not read—and yet you sing—Why, you have lost a quarter of your life!"

The boatman did not answer, but continued to sing. Soon after the pedant said,

"Can you write?"

"Why, to be sure not! I told you I could not read, so how should I write?"

"What! not write—and yet so cheerful? You have lost another quarter of your life."

The boatman shrugged his shoulders, but did not seem less cheerful than before. Presently the pedant began again:

"Boatman, do you understand mineralogy, or mythology, geology, zoology, astrology, physiology, &c.?"

"Deuce take all your foolish long names—what do I want of them?"

"How!—know nothing of these things, and yet fancy yourself happy? Why, you have again lost a quarter of your life!"

During this conversation a storm arose; the waves tossed the light boat, and drove it on a rock on which it could not but perish.

"Sir," said the boatman to his companion, at this critical moment, "can you swim?"

"No, indeed I cannot; I have had more important matters to attend to."

"Well, then," said the sailor, "I fear you have lost your whole life!"

Thus saying, he leaped into the waves and swam ashore. He suffered the pedant to struggle awhile in the water, as if he heard not his cries for assistance. At length he took compassion on him, helped him out of the water, and took him home dripping wet and half dead with fear.—Since that time the pedant is said to have lost the greater part of his vanity.

ANECDOTE OF RICHARD III.—In the town of Leicester, Eng. the house is still shown where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered, for her wealth, by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.  
CHARLES J. HENDEE, (Successor to Carter, Hendee & Co.) having made arrangements to continue the business of PUBLISHING and BOOKSELLING, at the Old Stand of C. H. & Co., 131 Washington street, offers to the Trade, Merchants, Teachers, School Committees, and others, the following list of valuable copy-right books, (together with a general assortment of School Books), on the most favorable terms.

1. A Second Book for Reading and Spelling.  
Those who have used Mr. Worcester's Primer are aware of its peculiar talents in rendering those usually "dry subjects" interesting to children; and to them it is sufficient to say that the Second Book has the same simple and attractive character as the First.

2. A Third Book for Reading and Spelling; with a simple Rules and Instructions for avoiding common errors.

We approve of the plan of this Book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.—Boston Evening Gazette.

3. A Fourth Book for Reading; with Rules and Instructions how to read.—The Primer, The Second Book, The Third Book, and The Fourth Book. In the first three spelling lessons are given with the reading lessons; but they are omitted in the Fourth Book, because those who are able to read these lessons, should use a dictionary for spelling, and for learning the meaning of every word which they do not understand. So far as the compiler and the publishers have been able to learn, no one has used the Third Book without being satisfied that the rules and instructions for reading, and for avoiding common errors, are of great utility. They are, therefore, continued in the Fourth Book, and greatly enlarged; and they constitute the principal difference between these and the other school books for reading, which are now in use.

PARLEY'S HISTORIES.  
1. The First Book of History, or History on the Basis of Geography, (comprehending the countries of the Western Hemisphere,) with sixty engravings from original designs, and sixteen maps of the different sections of the United States, and the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, executed in the most beautiful manner, on steel plates. By the author of Parley's Tales.

2. The Second Book of History, (comprising the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere,) with many engravings, and sixteen maps on steel plates of the different countries. By the author of Parley's First Book of History.

3. The Third Book of History; by the same author, and on the same plan—comprehending Ancient History in connection with Ancient Geography, with maps and many engravings. The above three books form a complete system of General History, Ancient and Modern, and they are designed to be used in succession, in schools.

Probably there never has been a work of the kind received with so much favor, and so quickly and so extensively adopted in this country as Parley's First Book of History. The others are written in the same attractive and entertaining manner, and where they are used, the study of History will become a pleasure rather than a task, as it is always heretofore been.

"The First Book of History," &c.—This is truly an excellent work. The plan we think is new, and the execution good. It is geography and history combined; this union will be found to double the value of both.—Vermont Chronicle.

"This is decidedly the best work for children we have ever met with. It is filled with ideas instead of dates. Let every child study this book three months in his own way, and he will have a better knowledge of the history and geography of his country than is often acquired by spending three years in the senseless operation of committing to memory page after page of the tedious treatises in common use."—Brandon Telegraph.

Boston Reading Lessons for Primary Schools.  
Alterations and additions have been made in the present edition of this work, at the request of the Committee for Primary Schools in Boston; and in consequence, it has been adopted by the directors of the Committee, as the common reading book for those schools.

Elements of English Grammar, with Progressive Exercises in Parsing. By John Frost.

This work is noticed by the Boston Association of Instructors, in a letter to the Author, as follows:—

"We have attentively examined your Grammar, and we do not hesitate to say, that it appears to us better adapted to the younger classes in common schools, than any other with which we are acquainted."

The Child's Botany, with copiate engravings.—This book forms an easy and popular introduction to the study of Botany.

GRUND'S WORKS.  
Grund's Elements of Natural Philosophy, for the use of Schools.

Do. Elements of Chemistry, do do do.

Do. Elementary Treatise on Plain Geometry, do do do.

Do. Elementary Treatise on Solid Geometry, do do do.

Do. Popular Astronomy, on a new plan, do do do.

Do. Exercises in Algebra, with a Key, for Teachers.

Do. Exercises in Euclid, for the use of Schools.

Sullivan's Political Class Book, for Schools and Academies.

Do. Moral Class Book, do do do.

Noyes's System of Penmanship—Parley's Arithmetic for Children—Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic—Holbrook's Easy Lessons in Geometry—Russell's Lessons in Euclid—Child's Own Book of American Geography, with Maps—Goodrich's Geography, with new and small Atlas—Woodbridge's Geographical Copy-book, with a series of Outline Maps, for Exercises in Schools and Academies—Hilditch's View of the United States—do. Sequel to do.—Blair's Outlines of History and Chronology—do. Chart of do.—Walker's Ocean Dictionary.

The Little Philosopher, by Abbott.

March 2.

School History of the United States.

JUST published by WILLIAM PIERCE, No. 9 Cornhill, a School History of the United States; containing a colored Map of the United States, Plates, Chronological Notices, and an outline of topics for a more extended course of study; together with copious Notes, and a Key, by A. R. Hall, Esq., Principal in the Teacher's Seminary, Andover, Mass.

PRFACE.—The object of the following compilation has been to furnish a compendium of the History of the United States, adapted to be studied. While many, already before the public, possess desirable excellences, as books to be read, yet there is a great want of a more extensive and less expensive work, of a single state, or of particular events, and then describing others that previously took place. This prevents the possibility of remembering the dates with ease and accuracy. But when the prominent events of a year are presented in the order in which they took place, or associated with each other, it is found much less difficult to retain them. The fact is undeniably familiar to teachers, that the lessons of History are sooner forgotten than lessons in Geography and other studies.

In the following work, the order of the time is generally preserved in noticing events; the chronology and analysis are so arranged on the top of each page, as to aid the pupil in retaining what he learns. How far this will be found an improvement, must be left to the decision of teachers and learners, to whom it is with diffidence submitted.

If questions, intended to aid the teacher or pupil are furnished, it seems evident that they should be placed on the bottom of the page on which the answer is found.

The Outline of a more extensive course of study will be believed, be found very valuable in guiding the more advanced student in prosecuting this interesting study.

The Note appended to each page, is a more extended account, than could have been consistently given in the body of the work, of some of the events, which have exerted an unusually prominent influence on the country, particularly in securing the independence of the United States. As the Notes were intended to be read, rather than studied, they are given in a smaller type.

No pains have been spared to ascertain and give dates with accuracy. It would, however, be presumption to hope, that some errors may not be detected, when so great discrepancies have been frequently found in authors consulted.

If the work should be found adapted to the wants of the young, and prove a valuable assistant in communicating a knowledge of the History of our Country, the authors will not regret the time and expense required in preparing it.

Teachers' Seminary, Andover, Jan. 1, 1836.

Orders from the trade solicited.